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**THE**

# GOOD NEWS:

A Semi-Monthly Denominational Religious Periodical.

Vol. 3.

JANUARY 1st., 1863.

No. 1.

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PRESCOTT, C.W., & OGDENSBURGH, N.Y.:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE "EVANGELIZER OFFICE,"

AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.



## TIME AND ETERNITY.

"When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return,"—  
Job, xvi. 22.

BY THE REV. H. B. WRAY, MOWN MISSION.

These are the words of the man of Uz, who has gone the way of all flesh, and being dead yet speaketh to us these wholesome admonitory words, suggestive of serious thought.

Job, whose name signifies what he himself was—One that weeps, was a man of sorrow, and had drunk its bitterest cup to the dregs; trouble the dark woof that was interwoven in the texture of his life. He had, on his own experience, proved the vanity of all earthly things, and so familiarized with the unseen world that death and the grave were household words with him—"Are not my days few, let me alone that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. The grave is mine house, I have said to corruption, thou art my Father, to the worm, thou art my mother and sister.—When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return."

Our text is useful and suitable, and by God's grace, a profitable subject for meditation. There are certain seasons and stages in our wilderness journey, when it is profitable to draw bridle and contemplate the way we have passed as well as that still before us, such is the present time. Let us look backwards and forwards. Our subject is trite and commonplace, but not, therefore, less true and important. Novelty is not essential to utility. Try and feel individually interested in it, and our trite theme will appear novel, for it is one that is seldom in your thoughts. Eternity is our subject. Let me, with studied simplicity, direct your attention to the following considerations.

I.—THE TIME WHICH LIES BETWEEN US AND ETERNITY.

II.—THE CLAIMS OF ETERNITY UPON OUR TIME.

I. *Time*.—Try now and contemplate this all-important problem, time, the flight of time, the shortness and uncertainty of life, the changing nature of our state below.—You are ready to say we know all you can tell us about it, what need is there to give us any further information; why prove what no one doubts? Does not everything around us teach these salutary lessons—the harvest past, the summer ended; the sear and falling leaf reminding us that we must fade and fall to the ground, our birth-place and our doom; the gathered harvest with its significant mementoes telling us, that our bodies are ripening for the grave, as a shock of corn cometh in his season, and our souls for the great day when the harvest of the earth shall be reaped, Rev. xiv. 15; the new year of yesterday fast growing old and drawing to a close, carrying its account to the bar of God, with its Sabbaths and religious ordinances neglected, its visible memorials of God on earth disregarded, with all its mercies, duties, sins, and opportunities never to be recalled. Do not sickness, sorrow, losses, calamities domestic and national, the day, the night, the seasons, do not all these concur to tell the same story, that change is written on everything earthly? that all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; that death, the grave, judgment are fast approaching, that we are so much nearer the end of our journey and the end of all things nearer at hand, and that when a few more years

are come, we shall go the way whence we shall not return. We know all these commonplace truths already. Aye, you know them, but have you realized them; you know, like Paul, that here we have no continuing city, but are you, like him, seeking one to come; you know like him that when a few more years are come your earthly house will be dissolved, and you numbered with the clouds of the valley; but can you say with him,—I have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens; and when a few more years are come, will you be able to say, in the calm assurance of a glorious resurrection,—I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness. Like Job, you know that the grave is your house, and corruption your father, but do you know with him experimentally, that your Redeemer liveth, and do you, like him, abhor yourself and repent in dust and ashes over the corruption of your nature. You know you do not. Alas, so far from realizing and experiencing these solemn verities, how few Church-going Christians think or meditate upon them at all, and when their thoughts are turned to the subject of their own mortality, as a religious exercise, is it not contemplated in so cold, light and unbecoming a manner, that the performance of the duty is more offensive to God than its neglect. It is not serious thinking, but sober trifling with a grave subject.

Although it must be frequently forced with an irresistible certainty upon their minds, and they will not seldom confess it too, that our days upon earth are as a shadow, as chaff that passeth away, still to look at men in general, and ourselves in particular in these back-settlements, in their conduct, habits and principles, you would think that they had most certainly made up their minds that they should live

for ever and not see corruption and be settlers here for eternity. The language of the Psalmist is the key-note of their heart. This is my rest for ever, here will I dwell. Earth is their Zion. Is it not so my fellow-sinners? as I have told you often, I now tell you, even weeping, such heartless professors are the enemies of the cross of Christ, their conversation is not in heaven but on earth.

It seems to me that you never think seriously about anything, but your farms and your merchandize. Instead of setting your affections on things above, and dying daily to the things of time, your chief object is to make yourselves as completely at home in this world as possible, and fence out eternity altogether from your thoughts. You worship the world with an idolatry so very reverential, that you appear to me to mistake your homage to it for your duty towards God, for, according to our catechism, you believe in it, you fear it, and love it with all your hearts, with all your minds, and with all your strength, you put your whole trust in it, and you are determined to serve it truly all the days of your life. On the Sunday, you say with your lips, We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord, all the earth doth worship thee; and then on the Monday, and during the week, you worship a sinful world, and God is not in all your thoughts. How inconsistent. Perhaps you would say, we are not worse or more worldly than others in towns and cities. Perhaps not; I am not, however, now preaching to others, but to you. I have to do with individualities not vague generalities. Stop, then, at this favorable point, for reflection and review for a few minutes, the way and the years that are past, in their relation to the eternity that is to come.

II. The time between us and death is here called a few years. Now is this not

true in every view of it. It is not the whole life of man but a few years; does not the life of the oldest present appear on retrospect but a few years, a very hand-breadth, a span, a vapor that appears for a moment and is gone. Must not our aged brother confess that his days are passed away as the swift ships, and that, verily, there is but a step between him and death. But still, however undeniable these obvious truths, yet there is nothing so difficult in religious experience as to realize the flight of time in relation to our own future destiny. "All men think all men mortal, but themselves." Although we believe that one fourth, one third, a half or two thirds of our allotted three score years and ten are gone, yet we live as if seventy years were secured to us. How few have realized that when the remaining third or fourth of their natural life is expired they must really die, and go the way whence they shall not return. While men confess with Job, that their days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and spent without hope yet they live in the vain delusion that they are endued with perpetual youth, as if the web of mortality which each day wraps around them was unwoven at night like the work of the fabled Greek.

But we speak not in abstract and general terms, I address you individually, I preach to myself, I beseech you to consider seriously the short space between you and death, by a comparison with the years that are past. You of twenty, are ready to say, I can't believe it possible I'm so old, it appears but a very short time since I was wishing to be in my teens. You of forty, fifty, sixty, will confess that the scenes of boyhood are still fresh in your memory. If then your past life seems but a few years is it not reasonable to suppose that the remaining few will pass away as quickly. What are a few years, they come, and go unobserved, the days slip

away into weeks, weeks into months, months into years before we know where we are. The different stages of life are so blended together, and people are so very unobservant of the seasons which mark the various stages of human existence, so very tenacious of youth, so very sensitive upon the delicate subject of ages, and the god of this world has provided so many opiates for the mind and cosmetics for the body that old age creeps upon us unawares; winter is upon us, the withered leaves are falling around us, and death with his broad-axe at our back to cut us down while we are unconscious of his stealthy approaches as the infant in the cradle.

So that really looking at this matter in its most favorable aspect, life is but a few years, and the oldest among us must confess to the truthfulness of the aged Jacob's reply to Pharaoh's rather personal question, "How old art thou?"—"Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been." You cannot be too earnest, too pains-taking in trying to learn how short your life is. Try and measure the term of your future existence by the past; the past will show you how very short a time a few years are and you cannot measure the few years that are to come by a fairer standard.

III. But hitherto we have been speaking to you as though you have assured a certain number of years which you have yet to live. We have been considering the cases of those who from their present age and ordinary computation, may be expected to live some ten, twenty, thirty, or forty years. But are there not some who cannot possibly expect to live so long as forty years? no, that is quite out of the question; no nor thirty years; twenty most improbable, you feel that your bodies will not last out that time.

But I have something to say as possible, more, probable, nay almost certain that be-

fore ten years some of you will be dead and buried, your bodies wrapped around in winding-sheet cold and white, and your souls fixed for all eternity, and perhaps those who shall be taken will be under twenty. Count back the last ten years with its deaths and changes, and you will have a fair estimate of what ten years are, then carry your thoughts onwards ten years more and can you believe the possibility of your being, before then, dead and buried, more solemn still beatified or damned. No you cannot.

But I have somewhat to say, more solemn even than this, and quite as possible. I have been supposing that you may live twenty or ten years, now I am going to suppose that some of us may not live one year, or if we do, you may say that is not likely. Perhaps this moment you have lurking in your system the seeds of some fatal disorder, some of the numerous organs of life may be unsound, and a predisposition which you have to certain diseases may develop and carry you beyond the reach of all human skill.

If such, then, is our condition, time flying from us, eternity hastening upon us, can I be too earnest and too particular in pressing on your attention the claims of eternity upon your time.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### AN APPEAL FOR LANCASHIRE.

Sympathy is especially a Christian's duty. Consider what the Christian is, and you will say that if every other man were selfish he should be disinterested; if there were nowhere else a heart that had sympathy for the needy there should be one found in every Christian breast. The Christian is a king; it becometh not a king to be meanly caring for himself.

I ASK YOUR AID FOR THESE NEEDY ONES IN LANCASHIRE. Remember, *that their poverty is no fault of their own.* They are not brought to it by excess of meats or drinks. They are not reduced to it by riot

or disorder. It is not idleness; it is not a wilful strike against the masters. It is utterly unavoidable; and here, therefore, is the right place for benevolence to display itself. The Egyptian hieroglyph for charity is very suggestive. It is a naked child giving honey to a bee which has lost its wings. Notice, it is a child: we should give in meekness. It is a naked child: we should give from pure motives, and not for show. It is a child feeding a bee; not a drone, but one that will work; a bee that has lost its wings; one, therefore, which has lost its power to supply itself: a picture before you of those martyrs and confessors of industry whose cause I plead to-day. A bee that has lost its wings makes its appeal for a little honey to every child-like heart here to-day, and they who are true to God will not refuse it their aid.

Remember, too, *that the cause of this suffering is a national sin—the sin of slavery.* We have not yet passed the third generation, and upon a nation God visits sin to the third and fourth generation. We have rid ourselves, at last, of this accursed stain so far as our present Government is concerned; we are therefore delivered from any fear in future on that ground; but still if slavery be now in America, we must remember that it would not have been there if it had not been carried there, and we are partners in guilt.—Moreover, there has been too much winking at slavery amongst the merchants of Manchester and Liverpool. There has not been that abhorrence of the evil which should have been, and therefore it is just in the Providence of God that when America is cut with the sword we should be made to smart with the rod. If the Lord is pleased to smite our nation in one particular place, yet we must remember that it is meant for us all. Let us all bear the infliction as our tribulation, and let us cheerfully take up the burden, for it is but a little one compared with what our sins might have brought upon us. Better far for us to have famine than war. From all civil war and all the desperate wickedness which it involves, good Lord deliver us; and if thou smitest us as thou hast done, it is better to fall into the hand of God than into the hand of man.

*Let your own gratitude to God move you.* Blessed be God that you have not

this famine and straitness of bread.—Thank the Master that though times may be hard, and some may now and then complain, yet we have not to walk through our streets and see our factories shut up, and miss the smoke which marks the daily toil that brings food to hungry mouths. We have not to know every habitation is a bochim because the strong man boweth down for lack of bread, and the faces of the children are wan, and the mothers weep, and even the breasts refuse the infant child its needed nourishment.—Give as God has prospered you. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and the Lord shall remember him in the time of trouble. He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life freely given him; let him, therefore, freely give, even as he hath freely received.—*Spurgeon.*

#### IT IS TOO LATE!

‘How is it you have not been at school lately?’ said a Sunday School teacher to a little girl whom she found sitting on a door-step one Sunday morning. The child rose from the step, but hung her head, and shifted from side to side, as if wishing she could make her escape; the hair hung disorderly about her face, which looked as if it had not been washed for a week; a few rows of plaited straw, once sewn together in the shape of a bonnet, hung on the back of her head, and a few filthy rags were fastened about her body. ‘Tell me,’ said the teacher, ‘how is it you are out here playing? I am afraid you do not love your school.’ ‘O teacher,’ exclaimed the child with eagerness, looking full in the face of the lady, ‘I do love my school.’ ‘Then why do you not come?’ Again the child’s eyes were fixed on the ground in silence. ‘Do not be afraid,’ said the teacher: ‘tell me.’ She held up the rags that hung upon her, and said, ‘I can’t I’m so untidy.’ ‘O,’ replied the lady, ‘it is a pity to stay away on account of your clothes: if you wash your hands and face, no one will look at your dress; others there are no better than yourself.’ ‘I don’t think mother will let me,’ said the child mournfully. ‘Shall I go and ask her?’—‘Yes, do, please; and then I can go with you this morning.’ They proceeded to-

gether down the street, and turned into a door at which were baskets of vegetables exposed for sale. Elizabeth ran up stairs, and shouted, ‘Mother, here’s a lady; ’tis Teacher: she wants to see you.’ ‘Well, ask her up then, can’t you?’ said a cross voice. The teacher ascended. By a small fire sat a woman with a baby in her arms, the picture of dirt and ill-temper, while a bucket stood in the middle of the room, as if Saturday’s work was about to be commenced. ‘Good morning,’ said the lady, pleasantly. ‘I have been asking your little girl how it is she is not at school; but she appears to have no good excuse. If you have no objection, she will wash her face, and go with me now.’ ‘What? that figure! No, indeed, I don’t like my child to be pointed at. When I’ve got her some tidy clothes, she shall go. Besides,’ added she, in a determined tone, ‘she’s got to mind the baby and clean the house.’ ‘But,’ said the teacher, ‘surely you might spare her on the Sabbath for an hour or two, if she minds her little sister during the week: it is the only opportunity she has of getting instruction; and if she does not come to school while she is young, she is never likely to have such advantages again. Besides the Sabbath is set apart—’ ‘Well,’ interrupted the woman, angrily, ‘when she’s got tidy clothes she shall come, and not before. Elizabeth, come and take the baby.’

About ten days after, as the same teacher was walking down the street, a group of children ran to her, exclaiming, ‘Have you heard about Lizzie F——, teacher?’ ‘Lizzie F——? no: what about her? Is anything the matter?’ ‘Why, she’s burnt to death.’ Without stopping to make further inquiries, she hastened to the house, and, knocking at the door was desired to come in. On the same low stool in the same dirty room sat the woman, her face buried in her hands. She raised it for a moment, and, seeing the teacher, groaned out, ‘It’s too late! it’s too late! She’s dead! she’s dead! I might have sent her to school then, but I wouldn’t; and now she’s gone. It’s too late!’ And the woman wrung her hands in agony.—Yes, there lay the remains of the poor child. Being left alone, by some means she set her rags on fire, and rushed burning into the street, where every one flew



from her instead of towards her. At length a man took off his coat, and threw it round her; but she was so dreadfully burnt that she survived but a few hours; and a fortnight from the day on which her teacher met her in the street, she was laid in the cold and silent grave.

Children, let this be a lesson to you not to neglect present opportunities. Mothers, do you send your children regularly to school. Remember it was no consolation to Mrs. F——, after her child's death, to know that her clothes were untidy, or that the baby had to be minded; she had not made the effort to send her. Sunday School teachers, 'work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh; when no man can work.' If one of your scholars should die during the ensuing week, have you done your duty to that child, instructing him when present, and visiting him when absent?

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#### "WITH ALL THY MIGHT."

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"Look at that boy! He is a stout, strong fellow, and one of the sharpest in our workshop. But he will not serve our purpose: he must be dismissed."

"Why?" I inquired.

"Because he does not work WITH ALL HIS MIGHT. Just watch the drowsy, indifferent way in which he handles his tools. He is thinking about something else all the time."

This was said to me, the other day, by one of the proprietors of an extensive manufactory for machinery as he conducted me through a part of his enormous works.

"You must require great strength of muscle in your workmen," I remarked.

"No! not so much strength of muscle as strength of purpose. It is not men of might that we want, but men who use their might: men who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong 'Samsons' and the big 'Goliaths' that do the most good; but lads, like David, earnest, active, and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that one thing well."

On leaving the workshop Mr. A. beckoned to one of the foremen. "Dismiss that lad," said he, "he will never do us any good."—"But stay," he added, as a softened expression stole over his face; so resolute yet so

kindly,—“Give the boy one more chance; and take care to tell him where his fault lies:—that he does not work *with all his might*.”

“Alas! I thought, as I left the scene of useful and intelligent labour, how many clever and promising youths dwarf themselves down into forlorn and disappointed men, through no other fault than this!

“WITH ALL THY MIGHT.” It is God's own commandment as well as man's. It is the law of Heaven as well as the general condition of worldly success. No man ever achieves anything permanently great and useful without carrying out this great and useful principle. Our work may be head work, or it may be hand-work. We may be the strongest amongst the strong, or we may be the weakest amongst the weak. No matter:—the rule of duty is the same for all. Work “with all your might.” All famous men whose words and deeds have graven a name which fathers teach their sons to spell,—all these—every man of them,—worked according to the wise man's precept, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”—(Ecclesiastes ix. 10.)

We cannot all be reckoned among the great and famous: but we may all be reckoned amongst the useful and the earnest. However moderate our natural powers, however narrow our opportunities for action, life's motto should still be the same: “ALL THY MIGHT.” Work with all thy might. Pray with all thy might. Love and serve thy God “with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy might.”

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#### THE BIBLE.

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“Who hath this Book, and reads it not,  
Doth God himself despise;  
Who reads, but understandeth not,  
His soul in darkness lies.

“Who understands, but savours not,  
He finds no rest in trouble;  
Who savours, but obeys it not,  
He hath his judgment double.

“But he who reads, doth understand,  
Doth savour and obey,  
His soul shall stand at God's right hand  
In the great judgment day.”

## India Feeling after Christ.

BY THE REV. DR. M'COSH, BELFAST.

What Paul said of the Athenians may be applied to the Hindoos: "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." We have proof of this—as Paul had around him at Athens—in their richly ornamented temples, in their stupendous rock recesses, and their sculptured shrines.

*The Hindoos are seeking a way.* There is surely evidence of this in their long and laborious pilgrimages—they are in search of something; in their frequent ablutions—they would wash away a pollution; in their endless penances—they would appease a Power that is offended and that may be expected to punish. Let us pay a visit to one of their religious festivals, it may make us set a greater value on Christ as the "way." The pilgrims have assembled from wide and scattered regions, from cities and from villages, from the country districts and from the jungle, from the valleys and from the mountains. It shows that the people are in earnest. Let us mingle in the scenes. At this place you see a devotee with a pan of burning coals on his head; at this other spot a man is being swung in the air with hooks and spikes in his flesh; as you move about you see a third man who has held his arms above his head till the muscles have become rigid; and as you advance you find a crowd preparing to bury a man alive. Is not the cry from these scenes, "Show us the way?" Woe be unto us—I believe a greater woe than to them—if we, who know the way, do not hasten to show it to those who are thus wandering.

*The Hindoos feel that they must have truth.* They have a theology and they have a philosophy. Some profound thought there is in that philosophic system of theirs. Great minds have been exercised in the construction of it from a date which goes farther back than the Christian era. This need not be denied, should not be denied. It may be admitted, too, that there is some primitive truth, preserved like fragments of broken columns and statues in a ruin, in that monstrous and hideous theology of theirs. As we are present at the festival, let us listen to one of their teachers. He tells us, with deep earnestness, that we must strive after union with God; yes, man feels that he is broken off from God, and he is restless till he is joined on again. He tells us of incarnations, not one but many: yes, man feels that he must have a God brought down to him, brought down to the earth, to appear in the very flesh. In the sacred books to which the teacher appeals, there is a reference made to deliverance from sin and to sacrifices. In the very idols,

we have—not an image but—a horrible caricature (such as man makes) of the doctrine of the Trinity. But with all this, their philosophy is vague, empty, objectless, inane—like the thin air high up in the atmosphere in which, when a man mounts up into it, there is nothing to sustain him, and unsupported and in chill, he feels that he must speedily come down—if he would avoid a collapse and a fall. Hindooism has no eternal God. Their very Brahm at the end of years relapses into non-existence without life or thought. Their theology is an incongruous mixture of a mystic pantheism, in which God is not separated from the material universe, and has nothing to draw the heart towards him, and of a degrading polytheism with "gods many and lords many," so many that they cannot be numbered, and some of them supposed to be possessed of qualities which would disgrace fallen humanity. Their idols, so grotesque and so horrible, are a picture and an emblem of their religion. Look at them as they are exhibited at the festival. Siva has a necklace of skulls and a cobra beside him. Of the four arms of Kali, one holds a sword and another grasps a human head by the hair; skulls girdle her neck and her waist, and human victims dangle as ornaments from her arms. Can this be the "truth," that is, the *reality of things*? Can this be the God of the universe, the God with whom we have to do? "Show us the Father," is the inquiry which comes from the labouring thoughts of all thinking men, and all who know the Father through the Son are bound either of themselves or by means of others sent out by them to make known Christ as the "truth" to those who are "perishing for lack of knowledge."

*The Hindoos feel that they must have a life.* Their teachers profess to seek this in abstraction, in meditation, in union with Brahm. But it is all in vain. There is no object, no living, no lovely, no loving object, to call forth affection, and the "life" will not come. All their struggles are merely like those of the priests of Baal on Mount Carmel, when they beat their breasts and cut their bodies only to find their sacrifice lying cold upon the altar. Instead of warm affection, they find in their inner heart only a blank, and a felt void. But *there is life* at the Hindoo festival. You see it in their meaningless prayers, uttered so vehemently; in their processions, in their shouts, in their dances; in their revelries, and in that licentiousness without shame. But can this be the "life" which, it is meant, should warm and sustain the soul? Can this be the life which God requires, the life which God gives?—Surely all who know what "life" is, life *à la* God, the life which is "hid with Christ in

God," will seek by themselves or by others to bring those who are ignorant of Him to Christ, who is himself the Life and gives life to others.

It can be shown that the theology of Hindostan is an agglomeration of old superstitions, with a philosophy meant to give coherency to the whole. It can be demonstrated that the later religions contradict the older, and that the philosophy will not fit into the superstitions. In consequence, the whole structure is incongruous enough. But viewed under another aspect it has some sort of consistency. The Hindoo mind has taken from the older superstitions, and from the later superstitions, and from the philosophy, what is felt to suit it. The religion has thus become representative of Hindoo nature, and its inconsistencies are the inconsistencies of human nature. It has some deep, religious—or rather superstitious elements; for unsophisticated human beings have everywhere some idea of God, some apprehension of God, some fear of God, or hope in regard to him. The belief may be vague, the longing indefinite—"an infant crying in the night" when its mother is gone, because it wants it knows not what; the want is positive, the object it cries for unknown, but there is a terrible cry for it, when at any time it awakes. There have been Scottish moral philosophers who gave what they professed to be a full picture of human nature without ever coming in sight of the religious or superstitious nature of man. The picture given by them is contrary not only to Scripture, but to that human nature of which they professed to give an account. Judging from Hindostan, man has religious instincts—fearfully perverted and corrupted, but *there*—deep down in his nature. That religion has mingled with it abominable immoralities, but this too is human nature, which is immoral and licentious. It is this banding together of these incongruous, yet, in a sense consistent, elements which makes Hindooism so strong, so strong in human nature, so strong in the character and habits of the people.

How can the missionary meet all this?—How can he expect to overcome it? In replying to this question, let him acknowledge the difficulties—the impossibilities, humanly speaking, if you will. Still he will not therefore give up the attempt. For he knows that he has a religion suited to man, suited to fallen man, provided by the God who made man, and meeting all the wants of man. If the Hindoos are asking a *way*, he knows the way and can point to it. If the Hindoos would have *truth*, he has truth to present to assure their hearts. If they would have *life*, he has life fitted to revive their whole soul.—~~He~~ offers all these when he offers Christ.—

And so it is Christ that he is to preach in all his fulness of life and love. "But we preach Christ crucified; unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."

The missionary, knowing how very deep the hold which this gigantic superstition has, will seek very particularly to get hold of the young, before they have fallen under its full power, and he will labour to give their yet docile mind a new bent and a more salutary direction. In training them he will lay before them the Evidences of Christianity and the principles of Evidence generally. I know that some eminent men have opposed this view. In particular, a very distinguished German divine (Dr. Dorner) who has reviewed some of us on this subject, seems to go the length of saying that it is of no use expounding Evidences. There was no systematic exposition of Evidences, it is said, in the early Church. I admit that there was no need of the exposition of Evidences in the apostolic age (there were such Evidences in form of Apologies in the age immediately succeeding), for they had evidences before their eyes in the miracles and in the living men who had witnessed them.—But in imparting a higher education, it is altogether proper that there should be a thorough exposition of Evidence, historical and moral. Still, it is ever to be felt and acknowledged, that Christ, like the sun, is a self-evidencing light. We may trust and be assured, that in preaching Christ men will be induced, as they are led to look at him, to believe that he is the "way, the truth, and the life."

Prejudice and prepossessions there are in Hindostan against the simple and pure truth, as it is in Jesus. But are there not at present some prepossessions in its favour? When the children of Israel entered Canaan, there was a fear of them everywhere, which so far prepared the way for the conquest of the land. When the Apostles went forth proclaiming Christ, there was a feeling abroad that the old superstitions were about to die, and that a new religion was to come out of these regions, and this helped to make many listen to the gospel. When the Reformers made their attack on Romish superstitions, there was an impression that Popish corruptions had become intolerable, and this helped them in their arduous work. And is there not in India a wide-spread feeling that the old is passing away before a new state of things? Let the missionary spread out his sails when there is such a breath to fill them.

Still the missionary's trust must not be in any such circumstances; not in human nature, not in any human prepossessions; his confidence must be in the Word and Promise

of God who "hath given to the Son the heaven for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." He who leans on this has something sure to trust to, and he "will reap in due season if he faints not."

## A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

BY REV. A. A. BONAR.

Unsaved still, and another year begun! Unconverted still, and you another year nearer the great and terrible day of the Lord! Unconscious of a saving change, and you passing on so rapidly to eternity! Do you think it strange that we often feel sad and sigh for you, and even weep in secret for your souls? Do you not know that He who saved us, said to us—"Hast thou any besides? sons, daughters, whatsoever thou hast, bring them out"—(Gen. xix. 12)—and so we come out to meet you this New Year with the entreaty, "Up, awake, flee! all things are ready, but the time is short."

We come to you as Lot did to his relatives, seeking to persuade them to flee from Sodom, "Up," said he, "get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy it." But his relatives only wondered at him, and thought him jesting, "*He seemed unto them as one that mocked.*" They liked the venerable man personally, perhaps, even revered him; they believed him sincere and well meaning—but as for his message, oh it was a fancy, and a piece of folly! In vain did Lot, with awfully solemn countenance and tone, assure them that he was speaking sober truth; in vain did he urge them with all the affections of a father; in vain did he assure them that he had Divine authority for all his statements of alarm; his relatives heard, and were silent. They did not mock him; they liked his kindness, though they thought this form of it useless; they put the subject aside as if it were a jest, or dream! They marvelled at his importunity; it seemed so needless. "It is all delusion, harmless enthusiasm! Why, there is no sign of change, not one symptom of judgment coming, no smell of fire, no cloud to-day more than yesterday; and the sins of the place are not new, nor worse than formerly. We may, at all events, defer at present committing ourselves to

any course that would make us appear foolish in the eyes of many citizens and neighbours." Next day, these souls were "set forth as an example suffering the vengeance of eternal fire"—(Jude, 7).

Unsaved gospel-bearer, this is your case. We cannot say that you have, in this past year, mocked God's messenger; you saw that he was earnest, sincere, calm, and kind; but he appeared, after all, "*as one that mocked.*" You treated it all as if it were a jest. When we testified of the risen Saviour, Jesus, and entreated you to use his obedience and blood, whereby alone the sinner pays his debt to God, how often you have heard us as if we were stating things unreal, or unsolid as a shadow. When we have pressed on you conversion, have you not quietly smiled away the subject as enthusiasm? When God's testimony, "The soul that sinneth shall die," has been laid before you, and that every sin deserves the penalty of a never-ending hell, have you not secretly whispered to yourself, "It is all exaggeration?" You have listened to those who have told of their joy in God, and their prospects of coming glory, and have said (like Atheist in the "Pilgrim's Progress"), "There is no mount Zion; I have been seeking it these twenty years!" An Infidel philosopher, Hobbes, said in his will, "I leave my body to the dust, and my soul to the great *perhaps*; I am going to take a leap in the dark." Ah! unconverted gospel-bearer, does not this express your secret feeling? It is all a "*perhaps*" with you—it is all "In the dark." You wonder at those who attach real meaning to such words as "*sin*," "*hell*," "*guilt*," "*pardon*," "*life*," "*salvation*;" they seem to you needlessly serious they are "as one that mocks."

Remember, "As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." There are men among us (and you are of the number,) who treat God's messages as Lot's sons-in-law treated the message in their day. Yet fain would we cry again, "Up, lest ye be consumed!"—and fain would be as the angels, taking a grasp of your soul to draw you out. For you are "sinners exceedingly;" you are men that sin under the cross, under the eye of the Saviour who bends over you in his love, and points you to his finished sacrifice, showing you all you need

in his blood and obedience. This year hurries you far onward to the point where time and eternity shall meet—to the hour when the trumpet shall sound, startling all the earth, and startling you! Have you made up your mind not to commit yourself to a belief of the truth till then? Have you? Then you are lost! Saints will let you alone; God the Spirit will strive no more; and you are lost! The cool, cautious men, who only wondered at Lot, are now in hell wondering at themselves!

But many a time have I read and been amazed at Lot himself, the very man who so pleaded with his sons and daughters. For this is said of him, "*He lingered*,"—Gen. xix. 16. Too much of mere human feeling was at work, and so "*he lingered*," even when the impatient angels were moving on, and the words were ringing in his ear, "Arise, lest thou be consumed." One other farewell, one other look, ere gone for ever. In spite of his inmost soul's conviction, in spite of the peril, in spite of God's command, "*he lingered! he lingered!*"

"As it was in the days of Lot, so shall it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed." Men are lingering still; men will be found lingering up to the moment when the first streaks of the glorious coming of Christ reddens the clouds of heaven. Aye, and believing men will be found *lingering*. At the beginning of this year, we do well to ask, Is it so with us? Is there no lingering in the race? no lukewarmness? no half-heartedness? no sleepiness? Are we more than half-believing? half-awake? For myself, often, often do I start at the easy way in which I find my soul looking down the deep abyss of sin and hell, and looking up to the awful heights of salvation. We are not living as men who hear the distant thunders of the wrath to come—who know the happy mountain of escape—who are weary with the filthy conversation of the wicked. In the past year, believing soul, were you never almost dragged to prayer, and forced to praise? Did you never form excuses for neglecting communion with God? And yet how often did we get visits from the Lord, scarcely less precious, and not less real, than that visit of Lot. The Lord in his Word, and by his Spirit, told us of coming scenes, eternal realities, and all so

vividly, all brought so near, that the world was left out of view, or only like a far off shore. Morning by morning, "The Lord being merciful to us," Gen. xix. 18, his word and Spirit have laid hold on us, and led us forth, and bidden us be up and run.

O brother, sister, this year let us linger no more. The time is shorter, and eternity is nearer; let us not trifle with the love of Jesus, nor forget his terror. Lord, root out this poison plant, root out *lingering*. Lord be merciful to us and lead us on! Let us, this year, at last live like men realizing love to the uttermost, and wrath to the uttermost, eternal life and eternal death, the height of mercy and the depth of hell! Lord, this year let us "run the race," and therefore let us always see Jesus, and see what Jesus shows us of heaven, of hell, of earth, and above all of *Himself*. Let us never linger in the outer court, when we should draw near to the Holiest; never be found in Jezreel, when we should be on the top of Carmel pleading for rain. And if this year I die, let my departing soul have such an experience of Christ as the dying Earl of Essex describes as his, when he writes to a friend,—"*This stricken, helpless, Walter Devereux, hath never been so weak, and yet so stout of heart as now. My exceeding sinfulness seemeth more than ever to exceed. Doth this make me wretched? Not at all. The blacker and bigger my sin seemeth, the larger, and the richer, and the lovelier seemeth that Christ whom the Comforter revealeth. So precious and so exceeding fit for sin, be the cross and He who hangeth thereon, that I do but drop my sin there, to look up and trust, and give thanks. I say, the more helpless and wicked this Walter Devereux be, the more glorious and precious Walter Devereux's Christ. I could prize Him but half so much, were I but half so big a sinner. He who showeth the things of Christ, hath been showing them to me—showing just Christ as I, Walter the sinner, Walter the lost, Walter the helpless, do need.*"

BISHOP HALL says, when a skilful astrologer pretended to tell him about the future, from the calculation of his nativity, he returned the wise answer, "Such perhaps, I was born; but since then I have been born again, and my second nativity has crossed my first

## DIVISION OF TIME.

"The division of the year into months," says Mrs. Somerville, in her admirable work on the Connexion of the Physical Sciences, "is very old, and almost universal, but the period of seven days—by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge—was used by the Brahmims in India, with the same denomination employed by us, and was alike found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs, and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all successive generations." And not only have all the nations of the East made use of a week, consisting of seven days, but the same custom prevailed among the ancient Romans, Gauls, Britons, Germans, the nations of the North, and of America. As far, in short, as any information is preserved to us of times and nations so remote, it authorizes the conclusion that all mankind, as if by common consent, adopted from the first the hebdomadal division of time.

Nor is this all. For not only did this mode of computing time thus universally prevail, but the seventh day was deemed sacred, and a certain mysterious power was supposed to attach to the number seven, as though it were an expression of a natural law. *Tertullian*, in his "Apology," intimates that the Persians observed the Sunday with religious solemnities. His words are,—“If we, like them, celebrate Sunday as a festival and day of rejoicing, it is for a reason vastly different from that of worshipping the sun.” *Lucian* tells us that children at school were exempted from their studies on the seventh day.—*Clemens Alexandrinus* says, “The Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, observe the seventh day as holy.” *Josephus* declares that no city of Greeks or barbarians could be found which did not acknowledge a seventh day's rest from labour. *Philo* asserts it to be a festival not peculiar to any one people or country, but common to the whole world, and that it may be named the general and public festival, and that of the nativity of the world. *Porphry* relates that the Phœnicians consecrated one day in seven as sacred; and *Theophilus of Antioch*, writing of the seventh day, calls it the day which all mankind celebrate.—Notices of its sanctity are also found in the writings of the ancient poets. *Tibullus*, giving an account of the excuses he assigned for his unwillingness to leave Rome says,—

“Urged still to go, a thousand shifts I made,—  
Birds now new festivals, my voyage stayed.”

So his words stand in the poetical translation of Grainger; but when given in literal prose, they are, “Either I laid it on the birds,” meaning that the auguries were not encouraging, “or else that bad omens detained me on the sacred day of Saturn.” Two allusions may be given from *Homer*. In one verse he says, “Then came the seventh day, that is

sacred.” And in another, he says, “It was the seventh day, wherein all things were made perfect.” *Hesiod* styles this day, “The illustrious light of the sun.” *Linus* says of it, “The seventh day, wherein all things were finished;” and in another place, “The seventh day among the best things, the seventh is the nativity of all things. The seventh is among the chiefest, and is the perfect day.” And the true theory of the time of creation is preserved in two hexameter verses, ascribed to *Callimachus*, of which the following is a literal translation;—“In seven all things were perfected in that starry heaven, which appear in their orbs in the revolving years.” Philosophers, as well as poets and historians, will lend us their aid. Many of them, as the Pythagoreans and Platonists, were accustomed to express their doctrines by mystical numbers, and with them the septenary number was ever deemed sacred, not less so by those who occupied themselves, not so much with metaphysical abstractions, as with nature and physics.—Hence, in all their speculations,—as, for example, respecting the Pleiades, or seven daughters of Atlas, placed as a brilliant constellation in the heavens; the Heliades, or seven daughters of the sun; the ladder of Mithra, with seven steps; the lunar changes, the sounds of instruments, the variations in the age of man, critical days in bodily distempers, and almost on all other subjects,—there is a similar defence observable to this primitive number. The radical meaning of the term, as importing sufficiency, fulness, plenitude, seems never to have been lost sight of. It was employed as the symbol of perfection and completeness, and regarded as having some hidden and mysterious relation to the universal scheme of nature and providence. *Cicero* declares that it contains the mystery of all things; and *Hippocrates* affirms, that by its occult virtues it tends to the evolution of all things, to be the dispenser of life, and the source of all its changes. Thus, on all mankind has there been left this strong and inveterate impression of the sacredness of the septenary cycle—an impression which no lapse of time, and no revolution of states and empires, have been able to efface, which associates itself with the traditions, the poetry, the philosophy, the economics, and the religion of every nation on earth, and which, when we attempt to trace it to its source, carries our inquiries to an antiquity so remote, that they are lost in the obscurity which invests the infancy and birth of time.—*Lectures to Young Men*.

Confession of sin should come like water from a spring, that runs freely; and not like water from a still, that is forced by the fire of affliction.

As the way to stop bleeding is by opening a vein; so the way to stop unreasonable sorrow is to turn it against sin.

## COURAGE FOR GOD REWARDED.

A traveller relates the following incident:—"Some time since, I was travelling in Switzerland. On the close of a brilliant day I was anxious to see the last rays of the setting sun. I mounted a hill, and, struck with admiration at the glorious colouring around me, I longed for a companion, to unite with me in praising the Sun of righteousness thus visible in the beauties of creation. A distant whistle from a peasant returning to his home quickened my steps, but his speed far exceeded mine, and he was quickly out of sight.—The rosy tints were also fading, giving place to the deep shadows of evening. As I descended the height, I walked close to a ledge which bordered a deep ravine. The sound of voices from beneath arrested my attention; and looking through the bushes, I beheld a body of men, wearing the appearance of banditti, at their evening meal. Here, I thought, is an opportunity of making known the plan of salvation; but my timid, bashful nature suggested the temerity of such an effort.—One so totally defenceless as I was could not be called upon to face such a gang; so I moved on slowly, still listening to their rough language. Dissatisfied with my own cowardice, I went near an opening in the hedge to take another view; my foot trod upon unsafe ground, and I came down with the crumbling earth into the midst of the dreaded party. I now felt God had decided for me, and realized the truth of the following lines:—

"Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
Each anxious doubt exclude;  
Thy Maker's will has placed thee here,  
A Maker wise and good."

"A booty! a booty!" shouted the marauders. With a strength not my own, I echoed, with an undaunted voice, 'A booty! a booty such as you have never received before!'—An unpleasant expression passed over their faces. I heeded it not, feeling assured I was God's ambassador. 'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'I bring you good news—glorious news, of a powerful Friend who is able and willing to save both body and soul.' A tall, dark-featured man took up my words. 'Save my soul! No one has ever cared for my soul: I have been a castaway from my birth.' Opening my pocket Bible, I repeated from memory—for there was no other light but such as the starry firmament gave—suitable invitations, exhortations, and promises. Oh! how quick and powerful is the word of God, discerning the thoughts and intents of the heart, imparting light, life and hope! Finding the attention of my hearers riveted, I concluded with this verse:—'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus

came into the world to save sinners.' With heartfelt pleasure I heard a union of voices cry out, 'Let us shake hands upon that!'—'Let us also,' I said, 'go to the Fountain of all strength, and ask God to confirm our resolutions.' They unanimously knelt down under the blue vault of heaven! Upon rising, the dark-featured man begged a favour of me:—'Will you give me your Bible?' 'Will you promise,' I asked, 'to read it with prayer?' 'I will,' he answered. Three years after this interview I was accosted by a respectable-looking man in Piccadilly. 'Excuse the liberty of the enquiry, sir. Have you visited such a Canton, in Switzerland, in such a year? And do you recognise this book?' producing from his pocket my *well-worn* Bible. Answering in the affirmative, he then grasped my hand, and said, 'This gift has been blessed to my soul; and often have I prayed that I might meet you on earth to thank you for this inestimable boon.'

"Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise  
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name.  
Use all thy power that blessed Power to raise,  
Which gives the power to be, and use the  
same."—HERBERT.

*Churchman's Penny Magazine.*

## PROPHECYING.

"Despise not prophesying,"—1 Thes. v. 20

Throughout the course of Divine Revelation, from its commencement to its close, Prophecy was of two kinds. One branch of it was the enforcement of God's present will, and another the revelation of his future purpose. The word both in the Old and New Testaments is ordinarily used as a generic term, including Prophecy specifically so called, and Preaching. Some of the prophets, such as Elijah and Elisha, were preachers of present duty rather than foretellers of future events. Some, like Ezekiel and Moses, mingled the two departments together throughout their ministry. Some, such as Isaiah and John, considered as a prophet in the Apocalypse, were mainly occupied with predictions, and yet interspersed at intervals some specimens of preaching, all the more bright because of the affluent imagery in which they were set.

The gift of Prophecy in its specific sense remained in the Church of the New Testament, like the other extraordinary exercises of the Spirit's ministry, till the kingdom of Christ had obtained a footing on the earth. Then prediction disappeared,

but preaching continued. This department of prophesying will be exercised till the Lord come again. There are prophets in the world still. They are the gifts of the exalted Saviour to his suffering Church. They have no power to foretell the future; they are occupied in a greater and more necessary work. They make no new revelations; they apply the revelation already made for the salvation of themselves and their fellows. The prophets of the present day are the successors not of Isaiah, but of Elijah, and his counterpart the Baptist. Their office is, like the first Elias, to rebuke sin in the high places of its power, and, like the second, to proclaim to all comers, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

To the preaching of the gospel, then, as the department of Scriptural prophesying which remains permanently in the Church, the brief precept of the text applies. Despise it not. This command has, in the nature of the case, two sides, and both should be alternately exposed to view. Its under side, as it lies here, silently demands a true and earnest preacher; its upper side expressly claims true and earnest hearers. The preaching should be worthy of respect, and the listeners should show respect to the preaching. This should not be despicable; these should not be despisers.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

### CHRIST SINGING PSALMS.

We return to our narrative at a solemn moment. The Lord Jesus has just instituted the sacred ordinance of his love—the Lord's Supper; and according to custom at the feast of the Passover, he commences with his disciples, in the silence of the night, the "Hallel," or great song of praise, which consisted of Psalms cxv. to cxviii. It was the first time we find our Saviour singing; for the original Greek word admits of no other interpretation. The Lord thereby forever consecrates vocal music in his church. Singing—this language of the feelings, this exhalation of an exalted state of mind, this pinion of an enraptured soul—is heaven's valuable gift to each. Adopted into the service of the sanctuary! Who has not experienced its power to raise us high above the foggy atmosphere of daily life; to transport us so

wondrously, even into the precincts of heaven; to expand and melt the heart; to banish sorrow, and burst the bonds of care? And it can effect greater things than these when the Spirit from above mingles his breath with it. A thousand times has it restored peace in the midst of strife, banished Satan, and annihilated his projects.—Like a genial gale of Spring, it has blown across the stiff and frozen plain, and has caused stony hearts to melt like wax, and rendered them arable, and capable of receiving the seeds of eternity.—*Krummacher.*

### A NEW-YEAR'S MOTTO.

#### GO FORWARD.

Go forward! Dark the vista of the year  
Through which dim eyes may peer not; yet  
the way  
Shall step by step be lighted, and appear  
A path all beautiful where love hath sway;  
Therefore, fear not, but step on cheerily,  
Morn will be bright, though night pass  
drearily.

Go forward! Halt not for the thorns that lie  
On the steep mountain side; and falter not  
When the wild, stormy whirlwind passeth by,  
For a strong hand ordains and guides thy  
lot!

And though it be not always ease and rest,  
Trust to thy mighty Guide, He knoweth best!

Go forward! Linger not in idleness  
Where'er the couch of luxury is spread;  
But bravely, patiently, still onward press,  
Though weariness o'ershadow heart and  
head.

There are deep voices urging thee yet on  
The upward way, where those thou lovedst  
are gone.

Go forward to enjoy—for glad and bright  
Are many scenes which lie awaiting thee;  
Forward to suffer—for in gloomy night  
Part of thy lengthened journeyings must be;  
Forward to labour—for a week of love  
Lies ever 'twixt this world and that above.

Go forward—for toward thy Fatherland  
Each day shall bring thee nearer, ere it  
close.

Full soon among thy kindred thou shalt stand,  
And through that bright unending year  
repose.

Christian! go forward to the cloudless day—  
Christian! God speed thee ever on thy way!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.



# THE GOOD NEWS.

**JANUARY 1st, 1863.**

## AWFUL DEATH.

The following article lately appeared in several of the newspapers published in this Province:—

“The keeper of a house of ill-fame in Peterboro, called “big Mary,” died suddenly on Wednesday. She was in a towering passion at something that had occurred, and in the midst of her anger and profanity, fell down lifeless.”

Many have, no doubt, read the above without being in the least degree affected. But, no person who reflects on it for a moment, can do so without a shudder.—It tells us of a fellow-creature dying in circumstances which forbid us entertaining, even for a moment, the supposition that, probably, death was to her gain.—God called her away from this world, while she was in the very act of sin.—How sudden and awful was the change which she experienced! This moment, pouring forth blasphemy from her mouth as the fountain casts out its waters, the next, standing before Him whose majesty she had insulted—hurried away with the speed of the lightning’s flash from her unhallowed occupation, into the presence of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and who cannot look on sin, and who in his word utters many awful threatenings against those who commit the sins to which she ministered, and therefore also against all who minister to them. See for example, Hebrews xiii. 4; Eph. v. 5; Rev. xxi. 8. Poor woman! she had not a moment, even to say, “Lord have mercy on me!” though had she done so, it might have been merely through the influence of terror. But, her state is now what it shall for ever be. What she has sowed, that she is now reaping, and through the un-

ending ages of eternity, shall continue to reap. She cannot return to earth to live a new life. Her harvest is past, never to return; her summer is ended, never to begin again; but alas! we have not the slightest warrant to hope that she is saved. To some, this language may appear harsh. Now, I do not say that the wretched woman referred to, is in hell. I leave her with her God, satisfied that He is dealing justly with her. I only say that we have no reasonable ground to hope that she is in heaven. Does not Christ himself say, —“Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God?” It may be said that we do not know the hearts of others. That is true, but, does not Christ say that we shall know men by their fruits? Now, I would ask any intelligent and candid person whether,—trying this woman by that test,—he considers that she was in a fit state to take her place among perfectly holy beings, and capable of experiencing that happiness which flows from holiness, and whether he would die such a death as she died, and is willing that his end should be like hers. Some may say that her death was owing wholly to natural causes, and that it is therefore going too far to regard it as a judgment from God. But, though it was not miraculous, like those of Nadab and Abihu under the Old Testament, and of Ananias and Sapphira under the New, still it was God who called her away, for He controls and directs all natural causes. He is the Author of life, and therefore can take it away when He pleases, and as He pleases.

Reader! prepare to meet thy God. For this end, never do that which thou knowest it would not be well for thee if death were to call thee away in the act of doing. Let the end of unhappy “big Mary” impress deeply on thy mind, the importance of attending to this counsel. May the very God of peace sanctify thee wholly, and I

pray God that thy whole spirit, and soul, and body be preserved blameless, unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

T. F.

### FORGIVENESS AND PEACE.

Forgiveness! what does it imply, the pardon of one or two, or a half a dozen of our most glaring sins? No, blessed be God, it means the pardon of all sin; there is no half-way work about it—all or none. Who can measure the magnitude of the sinner's guilt? God alone, and forgiveness covers *all*, so God only can grasp it in all its depth, and height, and length, and breadth. It is vast as eternity. Yet the believer can comprehend somewhat of its fulness of meaning, for he can say, I have redemption through His blood even the *forgiveness* of sin; and blessed art thou who canst say it. And it is an instantaneous work, whether we know it or not, at the time, there is no being half in and half out of the kingdom; God does not blot out a part of our sins to day and a part to-morrow, but He blots them out all at once; as when Christ told the man with the withered hand, to stretch it forth, and *immediately* it was restored whole, like as the other; so does the sinner the moment he reaches forth to grasp the promises, receive new life into his soul, even the life of Jesus.

Now, peace with God is a consequence of forgiveness, for there can be no peace where there is no forgiveness, any more than he can have freedom who is fettered with the clanking chains. There may be peace in the soul, but not with God; peace with a silenced conscience—peace with a deceived heart and peace with the world—all the quietness of death; but no peace arising from pardon, and peace from love, peace that is known, felt, and dwells in the heart like sunshine and makes it light and joyous—peace that is the foretaste of heaven. If this peace does not dwell in the soul it is a false one; all peace that God gives is the same, causing gladness and love, while a false peace causes indifference and coldness; the former humbles, the latter exalts self; the former gives joy in the prospect of, and takes away the sting of death;

the latter causes to doubt, and fear, and tremble; the former is life, the latter death.

This is but one of the results of forgiveness, but it is all I wish to speak of now for this is addressed to the cold professor, who says, that he feels at ease about his soul, but does not know whether his sins are forgiven or not—who has never heard the Spirit say, "Arise, go in peace, thy sins which were many, are all forgiven." O professor, there is a false peace which shall be destroyed, when thou passest through the dark river and comest eye to eye with thy Maker; thou art not forgiven or thou wouldst surely know it. Christ said to his disciples, "I will pray the Father and he shall give you another *Comforter* that he may abide with you forever," and tells them that they shall know him, "*For he dwelleth with you and shall be in you,*" John xiv. 16-17; and again in the 27th verse of the same chapter, he says, "My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth;" and in Romans viii. 16, it reads, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." Are these sufficient to convince you that you have not what you ought to have or might have. Remember, that what St. Paul was privileged to know on this point, it is also your privilege to know. O beware of thy peace, thou thinkest that thou livest well and doest well. O, beware, all the more danger for thy thinking so; thou art trusting to thy heart and not to Christ. Perhaps thou hast given much of thy goods to God's cause and been charitable to the poor, but hast thou given thy heart to God? Thou couldst easier give a thousand worlds to Him with kingdoms, and crowns, and fleets, and armies, and mines of riches, than thou couldst give thy one poor sinful heart to Him to be washed in the blood of the Lamb and to be His forever. This is what God demands, "Give me thy heart;" give Him thy heart and thou givest all, and he will be satisfied with nothing less. Hast thou done this? put the question to thyself, "Have I given my heart to God—have I ever, as a helpless sinner, groaning beneath the burden of my sins, cast myself at the feet of the cross, crying, Lord take my heart, it is all I have to give and give me Jesus for my Saviour." Hast thou?

## PAPER PREACHERS.

We learn from several sources that the article in *Good News* of Dec. 1st, on the above caption, has given umbrage to some of our friends, whose practice differs from ours in the matter of paper preaching. It pains us to grieve our friends, though we cannot always avoid it, if their opinions differ from ours. And in this matter we know that we carry along with us, not only the *prejudices*, but the deliberate convictions of abler and more experienced men than ourselves.

The article we published was by no means exhaustive. Much more can be said in support of our position, and were it in accordance with the size and object of our paper, we would be glad to give space for a thorough ventilation of the subject. We believe that next in importance to the purity of the truth communicated, is the *manner* in which that truth is communicated, and the conviction is growing in the minds of many observant men, that much of the ineffectiveness of the truth is owing to the manner in which it is presented.

As there is a diversity of opinion and of practice among ministers on this subject we, in this number, give an article on the other side of the subject, that appeared in the pages of a cotemporary two weeks ago:

## READ SERMONS.

Some persons have strong objections to read sermons, because they think they cannot be effective. This conclusion, we think, is too sweeping. Off-hand sermons are not always effective. They are sometimes very rambling, and very destitute of scriptural instruction; and to intelligent members of the church and congregation very insipid.

Others don't like read sermons, because they have the idea that they are borrowed from books, and not the product of the preacher's own mind. Now it must be confessed, that preachers may copy other

men's sermons. They generally have books enough to afford them a choice, and when in the course of their reading they meet with a paragraph that pleases them, they may be tempted to transfer it into their sermon, and set it off as if it were their own. But may not the same paragraph be committed to memory, and set off as if it were the preacher's own? Some men have very retentive memories, and they could very nearly commit a paragraph as speedily as another could write it and read it a few times so as to become familiar with it. The truth is, he is the best preacher who preaches well in his own way. Spurgeon would very likely be trammelled with copious notes, and Dr. Chalmers ran wild when he had not his manuscript before him; but each one does best in his own way. The following remarks are offered to the consideration of any who feel an interest in the subject.

1. It is, we think, unwise for deacons or other members of our churches to take high ground against read sermons. It is not always the most intelligent persons who make these objections, but generally they come from just the opposite side. There are some hearers who can get no good from a sermon, unless it is noisy and wordy. But are these the best judges of what our congregations and our country need? Is it really good they get? They feel well because they see the preacher is smart and the sermon smart; but are these the persons who grow in intelligence, and exert a healthy Christian influence on their neighbours? Experience has taught us they are not.

2. If you know that your minister is given to studious habits, you may keep yourself easy from suspicion of his pilfering from other men's publications. No man can continue to preach well who does not study closely. Borrowing from others will prove a miserable substitute for independent thought. If your minister then gives you instruction that has been hammered on his own anvil—oil for the lamps that has been beaten in his own heart, you will never find him a loungee on any day, more especially on the latter days of the week. On visiting his study and observing his books, you will never have any more difficulty in seeing that he is in working order, than you will have in seeing that

your neighbour's tools, or farm implements are in order. Copying is, to a mind its healthy exercise, what crutches are to a man whose limbs are in a healthy condition.

3. If you have paid some attention to the cultivation of your own mind, you will be able to judge, somewhat correctly too, of the agreement between your minister's type of mind and the sermons he delivers to you. Every writer and every public speaker has a style of his own—his own mode of expressing his own thoughts. This may be recognized in his general conversation on religious subjects, and especially in his public prayers. Some have the gift of prayer more largely conferred upon them than others, and some excel in this gift more than the gift of preaching; but the peculiar mode of expression, the cast of the sentences, and manner of viewing truth, will be seen by a discerning and intelligent mind, through all this variety. You have a perfect right to make this observation; do it kindly and intelligently, and the exercise will be profitable to yourself.

4. A preacher will naturally be more in his own composition than in that of another. Meditate, says Paul, to Timothy, on these things; *give thyself wholly to them*—literally, *be in them*. Let them be a part of your mental self—constituents of your intellectual existence. A good reader may read a passage from Shakspeare with a vehemence or pathos, as if the composition were his own; but no preacher will be able to do this without detection. If his sermons have been copied they will, generally, be delivered with hesitancy and dullness, as a school boy reads his lesson—a task from which he would rather be excused. He will neither feel himself, nor will the congregation feel under him. But if a sermon be delivered with energy and feeling, such as fix the attention of the congregation, while gospel truth is poured into their ears, and arrows made sharp in the hearts of the enemies of the King, it is of small importance whether it be read, delivered from notes, or wholly from memory.

5. When you have heard a sermon on any given Sunday, from which you have received benefit, or which you suspect may have been copied, get a requisition to the

Pastor to have it published in the *Baptist*, and if he publishes another man's sermon, under his own name, be assured the evil will cure itself. J. C.—, A.— *Canadian Baptist*.

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### ANOTHER YEAR.

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We are another year nearer to our last account. *How is it with our souls?*

None but the worst of men can ever doubt the justice of God. But then, if he be just, it follows that sin must be punished. What say we to this? We have sinned, our sin *must* bring down from heaven the deserved penalty. O can we point to a dying Saviour, and behold in him our substitute, who took our sins and was bruised for our iniquities?—If we can exercise this precious faith, it is well, truly well; but the question returns, Do we thus view the Saviour as *ours*? Reader! what sayest thou? Are thy sins removed from thee, and were they laid on him? Did he bear *thy* guilt and carry *thy* sins in his own body on the tree? Has he been thy law-fulfiller and wrath-bearer? If *not*—and my hand trembles as the thought rushes into my mind—if *not*, your iniquity is crying for vengeance, God is angry with you, the law accuses you, and justice demands your death and damnation. O miserable wretch! where art thou? How undone! How ruined! How helplessly destroyed! Earth and heaven are against thee; the one is weary of thee, and the other is in arms against thee. Hell waits to receive thee, and perhaps before another year is over, its jaws shall have enclosed thee. O thrice unhappy soul! whither canst thou fly? There is but one door, and as yet it is not shut against thee. O that thou wouldst enter in, and enter in at once! "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." Faith in Jesus is the road to life. If thy soul be trusted in his hands, he will never permit it to be lost. Sworn to deliver, he will surely keep his oath. Justice *he* will enlist on thy side, mercy shall smile upon thee, truth shall embrace thee, power shall protect thee, love shall crown thee. Seek thou his face. Look unto him and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.

Oh, for more conversions! Oh, that some reader of this paper may be among the first fruits of this year! and then, beloved reader, thou wilt rejoice, and cause my heart to rejoice also.

## THE DAY OF DAYS.

Sweet are the other days, bright heralded  
From darkness by the rosy torch of Morn;  
Touched by their beam, the kindling groves,  
begin

Their sprightly song, whilst the landscape,  
fired

With the sun's early smile, in glory burns;  
And sparkle all the briskly dancing waves  
On the green bosom of the curled sea:

Whilst Terrors of the Night to darkness  
troop,

Like troubled Ghosts that shun the solar  
blaze;

And man resumes with cheerful heart his toil.

Sweet are the other days, but soon would fade  
Their joy were they from thy fair eye with-  
drawn:

Thy presence is their life, on thee they lean.  
They, as the planets from the sun's deep source,  
From thee draw light. Thou severed from  
their train,

Soon would their beauty die, their charms be  
soiled.

Bright day, immortal with the radiant bloom  
Of freshest youth! Thee, the destructive  
hand

Of Time may not invade, nor on thee shed  
His wrinkles or his snow. He who would  
sing

Thy festal birth must steer his watchful course  
Far up the wastes of Time. Coeval thou  
With man, thou wast his first, his happiest  
day

In Eden's bower. Alone of all the bliss  
Of that fair bower thou dost unwrecked re-  
main.

On earth thou still surviv'st, a paradise  
Enriched with many a flower of fairest bloom,  
And with the tree of life, not guarded now  
By Cherubim, and sword denouncing wrath.

An Eden, thou, within whose sacred fence,  
In many a hallowed walk and arbour sweet,  
Man may converse, on friendly terms, with God.  
—*Sunday Scenes, by Rev. J. C. Fairbairn.*

## PROGRESSIVE MERTNESS.

“By little and little I will drive them out from before thee.” If it so pleased Him, God could as instantaneously mature our sanctification as He perfects our justification. By one stroke of His arm He could have extirpated the idolatrous inhabitants of Canaan, and have caused His flock to lie down in quiet places. But it was His wisdom, love, and glory that they should be driven out “by little and little.” We must resolve the circumstance of God's permissive will touching the indwelling of sin in the believer, into the

same view of His character. His wisdom appoints it—His will permits it—His love controls it. Where would be the display of His grace and power in the soul, as it is now exhibited in the daily life of a child of God, but for the existence of a nature partially sanctified? How little should we learn of the mysteries of the life of faith,—how imperfectly skilled in the heavenly war,—how stagnant the well of living water within us,—how bedwarfed and paralyzed every grace of the soul,—how partial our knowledge of God,—how little our acquaintance with Christ,—how small a measure of the indwelling power of the Holy Ghost,—how little holy wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant,—how faint the incense of prayer,—and how distant and dim an object to our spiritual vision the cross of Christ, but for the gradual subduing of our iniquities, the driving from before us “by little and little” our corruptions, the progressive advance of the soul in its holy, sanctified meekness for heaven!

Yes, it is “by little and little” this holy work is done! Here the power of sin is weakened, there the spell of temptation is broken; here an advancing foe is foiled, there a deep-laid plot is discovered; and thus “by little and little,” by a gradual process, aggressive and defensive, of spiritual encounter and extermination, the spiritual Canaanites are subdued, and the soul becomes “*meeeted for the inheritance of the saints in light.*”

The subject presented in this chapter is replete with instruction, encouragement, and help heaven-ward. Many of the Lord's people are looking for the full, the complete sanctification which the Lord has not appointed here, and which is only attained when the last bond of corruption is severed. The more deeply the children of Israel explored the good land, the more intelligently and experimentally they became acquainted with the number and power of their enemies. Thus it is we are taught. Ignorance of our own heart, a false idea of the strength of our corruption, a blind, untrue estimate of the number and fact of our inbeing sins, is not favourable to our growth in holiness. But the Holy Spirit leads us deeper and deeper into self-knowledge, shews us more and more of hidden evil, un-*avails* by little and little the chamber of imagery, teaches us “*line upon line, here a little and there a little;*” and thus, by a gradual and progressive process, we are made meet for glory. Are you, beloved reader, like the children of Israel, conscious of impoverishment by the marauding incursions of the enemy? then, do as they did—cry unto the Lord.—“Thus we read—“*And Israel was greatly impoverished because of the Midianites; and the children of Israel cried unto the Lord,*”

(Judges vi. 6.) Oh, besiege the throne of grace, and your foes shall be driven back!—

Cry mightily unto Jesus, your Commander and Leader, the Captain of your salvation and He will defeat their plots and deliver you from their power. Tell Him that you hate sin, and loathe yourselves because of its existence and taint. Tell Him you long to be holy, pant to be delivered from the last remnant of corruption, and that the heavenly voice that bids you unclasp your wings and soar to a world of perfect purity, will be the sweetest and the dearest that ever chimed upon your ear. O blessed moment! with what splendour has the hand of prophecy portrayed it before the eye:—“*In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD; and the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar. Yea, every pot in Jerusalem and in Judah shall be holiness unto the Lord of hosts; and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them, and seethe therein:* AND IN THAT DAY

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE THE CANAANITE IN THE HOUSE OF THE LORD OF HOSTS,” Zech. xiv. 20, 21.) O blessed day! when all false doctrine, and all superstitious worship and all indwelling sin, and all worldly temptation, and all self-seeking, and iniquity of every name, and sorrow of every form, shall be utterly exterminated, and HOLINESS TO THE LORD shall hallow every enjoyment, and consecrate every thing, and enshrine every being. Speed, oh speed the day, blessed Redeemer, when every throb of my heart, and every faculty of my mind, and every power of my soul, and every aspiration of my lips, and every glance of my eye, yea, every thought and word and deed, shall be HOLINESS TO THE LORD! “Oh, precious day of God, when will it arrive?—Shall the lovers of Jesus be indeed delivered from all false pastors, all corrupt worship, and the Lord have turned to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent? Shall my soul indeed be freed, not only from all the sorrows, pains, evils, and afflictions of sin around me, but, what is infinitely better than all, from the very being and indwelling of sin within me? Shall the fountain of corruption, both of original and actual sin, be dried up, so that I shall never think a vain thought, nor speak an idle, sinful word any more? Is there such a day in which the Canaanites shall be wholly driven out? Oh, blessed, precious, precious promise! Oh, dearest Jesus! to what a blessed state hast Thou begotten poor sinners of the earth by Thy blood and righteousness! Hasten it, Lord. Cut short Thy work, Thou that art mighty to save, and take Thy willing captive home from myself, and all the remaining

Canaanites yet in the land, which are the very tyrants of my soul.\* Welcome, oh welcome, beloved, every circumstance, every dispensation, every trial that speeds you homeward, and matures your soul for the heaven of glory Christ has gone to prepare for you. It is “by little and by little,” not all at once, that believers fight the battle and obtain the victory: “*They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*” Your path to glory shall be as the light, shining with ever-growing, ever-deepening, ever-brightening lustre of truth, grace, and holiness, until you find yourself lost amidst the splendours of a perfect and eternal day! Onward, traveller, onward! From an earthly, you are passing to a heavenly Canaan, in which no foe enters, and from which no friend departs,—where eternity will be prolonged, as time began, in a paradise of perfect purity and love,—amidst whose verdant bowers lurks no subtle serpent, and along whose sylvan windings treads no ensnaring Eve. Shudder not to pass the Jordan that divides the earthly from the heavenly Canaan. The Ark of the Covenant will go before you, upborne upon the shoulder of your great High Priest, cleaving the waters as you pass, and conducting you, gently, softly, and triumphantly, home to God.—O. Winslow.

### QUIET THINKING.

“Quiet thinking seems now quite out of fashion, and many know more of what is passing on the other side of the globe than of the working of their own souls.” The weariness so many feel in being alone, the hours we have often heard called so “interminable” by young persons, and even those in mature life, when by chance they have had no friend to chat with through the afternoon or evening, the long hours and the weariness of the Sabbath to so many, if detained from the public services of religion, evince a deep want somewhere, a want of inward resources, and of an independent spiritual life, that augurs but ill for the true well-being and growth of the individual. To live spiritually, to make the unseen real, to feel the constraining influence of spiritual motives and affections, the “still hour,” the hour of daily communion with God, is absolutely needed; for if faith without works is dead, faith without prayer is an absolute nonentity.

### THE DISCIPLINE OF DAILY LIFE.

The reason why we have so many crosses, trials, wrongs, and pains, is evident. We have not one too many for the successful culture of our faith. The great thing, and that which it is most of all difficult to produce in us, is a participation of Christ's forgiving gentleness and patience. This, if we can learn it, is the most difficult and the most distinctively Christian of all attainments.—Therefore we need a continual discipline of occasions; poverty, sickness, bereavements, losses, treacheries, misrepresentations, oppressions, persecutions; we can hardly have too many for our own good, if only we receive them as our Saviour did His cross. It is by just these refining fires of trial and suffering, that we are to be most advanced in that to which we aspire.

We have not too many occasions given us for the exercise of patience; which is yet more evident when we consider the Christian power of patience. How many are there who, by reason of poverty, obscurity, infirmity of mind or body, can never hope to do much by action, and who often sigh at the contemplation of their want and power to effect anything! But it is given to them, as to all, to suffer; let them only suffer well, and they will give a testimony for God, which all who know them will deeply feel, profoundly respect. It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience; and for just that reason we need sometimes to see its greatness alone, that we may embrace the solitary, single idea of such greatness, and bring it into our hearts unconfused with all other kinds of power. Whoever gives to the Church of God such a contribution—the invalid, the cripple, the neglected and forlorn woman—every such person yields a testimony for the cross, that is second in value to no other.

Let this be remembered, and let it be your joy in every trial, and grief, and pain, and wrong you suffer, that to suffer well is to be a true advocate, and apostle, and pillar of of the faith.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And here, let me add, is pre-eminently the office and power of woman. Her power is to be the power of gentleness and patient endurance. An office so divine, let her joyfully accept and faithfully bear—adding sweetness to life in all its exasperating and bitter experiences, causing poverty to smile, cheering the hard lot of adversity, teaching pain the way of peace, abating hostilities, and disarming injuries by the patience of her love. All the manifold condition of human suffering and sorrow, are so many occasions given to woman, to prove the sublimity of true submission, and reveal the celestial power of passive goodness.

Have you never observed the immense

power exerted by many Christian men and women, whose lives are passed in comparative silence? You know not how it is,—they seem to be really doing little, and yet they are felt by thousands. And the secret of this wonder is, that they knew how to suffer well—they are in the patience of Jesus. They will not resent evil, nor think evil. They are not easily provoked. They are content with their lot, though it be a lot of poverty and affliction. They will not be envious of others. When they are wronged, they remember Christ, and forgive—when oppressed and thwarted, they endure and wait.—*Dr Bushnell's Sermons for the Daily Life.*

### OPPORTUNITIES.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while he is near." Isa. lv. 9.

#### THE NARROW PASSAGE.—

An opportunity is like a narrow passage in the Arctic Seas. Sometimes in these northern regions, ships get enclosed in a narrow space between ice-islands. The floating rocks glide nearer the ship on every side, and the dismayed seamen behold their only chance of escape from the fatal crash lies in a narrow channel, that every moment grows narrower. How hurriedly they press their vessel through that strip to reach the safety of the open ocean! Even so must we press along the narrow way that leads to eternal life, for who knows how soon that narrow way may be closed against him?

#### THE FAVOURING BREEZE.—

An opportunity is like a favouring breeze, springing up around a sailing vessel! If the sails be all set, the ship is wafted onward to its port. If the sailors are asleep, or ashore, the breeze may die again, and when they would go on they cannot; their vessel stands as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

#### THE STEPPING-STONES.—

An opportunity is like a string of stepping-stones across a ford. The traveller, coming up to them, may find the river so swollen with the rains, that the stones are all but covered. If he delay, though his home be on the opposite bank, and full in sight, it may be too late to cross, and he may have a journey of several miles to reach his home.

#### THE STRIP OF SAND.—

An opportunity is like a strip of sand, which stretches around a sea-side cove. The greedy tide is lapping up the sand. The narrow strip will quickly become impassable; and then how sad the fate of the thoughtless children, who are now playing and gathering shells and seaweed inside the cove!

## THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

"Honour all men, Love the brotherhood."  
1 Peter ii. 17.

When we speak of the larger class, "Honour all men,"—it is as if we should say, "all waters,"—comprehending those that are in the sea, in the earth, and in the air; the salt and the fresh, the pure and the impure; absolutely and universally, all waters. When we speak of the smaller class, "Love the brotherhood," it is as if we should say, "all the clouds." These are waters, too; these waters were once lying in the sea, and lashing themselves into fury there, or seething, putrefying under the sun in hollows of the earth's surface,—but they have been sublimed thence, they are now in their resurrection state, and all their impurity has been left behind. They are waters still, as completely and perfectly as any that have been left below. But these waters float in the upper air, far above the defilements of the earth, and the tumults of the sea. Although they remain essentially of the same nature with that which stagnates on the earth or rages in the ocean, they are sustained aloft by the soft, strong grasp of a secret, universal law. No hand is seen to hold them, yet they are held on high.

As the clouds which soar in the sky to the universal mass of waters, so are the brotherhood of God's regenerated children to the whole family of man. Of mankind these brothers are in origin and nature, but they have been drawn out and up from the rest by an unseen, omnipotent law. Their nature is the same, and yet it is a new nature. They are men of flesh and blood, but they have been elevated in stature, and purified in character. They are nearer God in place, and liker God in character. They are washed, and justified, and sanctified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. Besides the command, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate," which they have heard and obeyed, the promise has been fulfilled in them, "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—REV. WM. ARNOT.

## WHISPERS OF THE OLD YEAR.

Listen—there is mourning in the air, a sighing among the fading leaves, a wailing in the midnight storm. Listen—the grey, old year is dying—he hath parting words for thee. Do not shrink from his icy touch, do not turn from his solemn whispers. Sadly he saith:—

"Here we part. I have borne thee thus far on thy great journey. Many have I carried into eternity, another will carry thee. I go to bear report of thee to heaven—oh,

strange and sad report! Oh, blotted and disfigured page! Must it not witness against thee? What grateful returns hast thou made to the Giver of life, and health, and blessings, which no man can number? When Jesus called, didst thou heed him? When he came to thee, didst not thou hide thyself? When the Spirit searched thee out, didst thou not bid him depart? How many unhonoured Sabbaths, how many prayerless mornings and unthankful evenings hast thou passed? Hast thou not been to the Sabbath school with unwilling step, and opened the Bible with unwilling heart? What soul hast thou tried to save? What sick-bed hast thou soothed?—What sins hast thou forsaken? In what holy exercises hast thou been strengthened, and what sacrifice hast thou made for others' good? Art thou the obedient child, the tender and faithful friend, the meek and lowly Christian? How wilt thou answer? What saith thy conscience?—All yet to be begun! When wilt thou begin? Delay not to a more convenient season; it never came to Felix, it may never come to thee."

The old year departs, its solemn whispers still echo on the air.

## A WARNING TO BLASPHEMERS.

A startling instance of a terrible punishment for a thoughtless oath is thus related by a correspondent of the *Salmen* (Ohio) *Republican*, writing from the 10th Ohio Regiment:—Quite a strange affair occurred in Company K, a few days ago. One of the boys got out of humor because he had to prepare for dress parade. He swore about it a good deal, and declared he wouldn't go out; he hoped God would never let him speak another word if he went out on dress parade.—He went out on dress parade, and the next morning was utterly unable to speak. The poor fellow cried bitterly, but it was too late. He had prayed and was answered. Some said his language was: "I hope Jesus Christ will strike me dumb if I go another dress parade, or battalion drill."

## A SACRED EARTH.

Tread carefully, sinner, on the globe where Jesus' blood trickled down. Forget not Calvary: Jesus did not die in heaven, nor in hell, but he came to earth, that every hill might remind you of the hill of atonement; that every tree might tell you of the cross; that every garden might whisper, "Gethsemane." The earth is sacred now, for Christ Jesus came upon it to pour out his life for us.



## LIGHTING A PIPE WITH A PIECE OF ICE.

In presenting our readers with this article, we beg them to understand that we have not the slightest intention to encourage the idle, wasteful, dirty practice of smoking. Far from it. We trust that none of them will ever become the slaves of tobacco: that they will neither snuff, nor smoke it, much less chew it—a most dirty practice.

If, however, what some may term the *indulgence of a pipe* be ever lawful, it seems to be so in the frigid north, where the cold is so intense, that any thing that tends to soothe and warm without positive and immediate injury to the frame, must not be entirely condemned.

In these icy districts of the polar regions, the scene here represented occurred during one of the voyages of Captain Scoresby.

We select from an old volume of the "Children's Missionary Magazine" the explanation, and a useful comment upon it.

"That you may understand the fact now before you, I must remind you that a "burning-glass" is a glass of very high magnifying power. You hold it between your thumb and finger, and let the rays of the sun pass through it, and collect in a bright spot upon a piece of cloth or paper, and very quickly will the cloth or paper smoke and kindle into a flame. You can try this any day for yourselves. A gentleman in London once tried it upon a very large scale. He had a large glass made, and the heat produced by it was so great, that iron plates were melted in a few seconds.

"In the northern regions a piece of ice may be broken off an ice-berg as pure and clear as the most beautiful crystal. Captain Scoresby did this one day; and he amused and astonished his men by using the piece of ice as a sort of burning-glass—firing gunpowder, burning wood, melting lead, and lighting the sailor's pipes with it; the ice remaining clear, and firm, and solid all the time."

Some of you may probably ask, "And what has this to do with Missions?" Read on, and you will perhaps find that it may have something to do with your own share in that great work. You perceive that the warm rays of the sun may be collected

by, and pass through, even a piece of cold ice; and may burn and melt other substances, and yet the ice may remain ice still, as cold and hard as ever.

In this age it is to be feared that there are persons engaged in collecting money for Missionary and Bible Societies, and such a work is most needful; but their own hearts all the while are not warmed with a sense of that love of the Lord Jesus, which they are assisting to make known to the heathen. Through their diligent collecting of small sums from friends and neighbours, or giving these themselves, Bibles are circulated and missionaries are sent forth; rays of Gospel light and consolation are poured upon many a dark and barren spot, but their own hard heart remains still a heart of stone.

There is danger, dear friends, lest, while you labour for the souls of others, you may neglect your own salvation. It is very easy to collect money, and go to missionary and Bible meetings, and thus promote the welfare of others but it is not so easy—it is another thing—to have a true faith in Jesus Christ; to pray to him in secret, to keep our own heart with diligence, to work out our own salvation.

It is a solemn thought that we may be the means of doing great good to the heathen, and that through our efforts the flame of Christian love may be kindled in many a heart, and yet before God we may remain cold and dead; like Noah's carpenters, we may assist in building the ark, but never enter it.

Oh, dear young reader, look well to the state of your own heart, take it to Him who can warm and keep it warm. Believe his great love to you. He died for you when an enemy: believe it at all times and under all circumstances, for this faith alone will warm and melt the stone within. Thus doing, the Lord shall bless you and make you a blessing.—*Ch. Juv. Miss. Instructor.*

HEAVEN.—"What a beautiful place heaven is!" said a little boy not four years old.

"Why do you think so?" said his mother.

"Because," said he, pointing to the stars, "the nails of the floor are so beautiful."

"And there shall be no night there."

## Sabbath School Lessons.

January 4th, 1863.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,—Exod.  
xx. 1-21.

## I. THE LAW-GIVER.

The law was delivered by the Lord himself, in an audible voice, attended by circumstances of awful pomp, and calculated to make the deepest impression. *Thy God*—thy Redeemer—thy covenant God—thy strength and thy shield, and thine exceeding great reward.—Not only does he declare himself the God of Israel generally, but the God of each Israelite in particular. What infinite condescension!

## THE LAW.

It is called the *moral* law, to distinguish it from the *ceremonial* and *political* law. To show its perpetuity, it was written on tables of stone, and to indicate that it originated from the Divine nature, and is therefore immutable, it was written by the finger of God himself. It is divided into two parts, commonly called the two tables, from the fact that they were written on two tables of stone.—The first comprehending the first four commandments, relates to our duty to God; the second, composed of the last six refers to our duty our neighbour. In these commandments, not only are there sins forbidden, but there are duties positively enjoined, and reason annexed to bind us to their observance. The ten commandments summarily comprehend our duty to God, our neighbour, and ourselves, and they again are thus briefly summed up by our Saviour—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself," Mark. xii. 30, 31, or as it may still be read, engraved in ancient letters, above the main-door of the house, once occupied by John Knox the celebrated Scottish reformer—"Love God above all, and thy neighbour as thyself. This law not only extends to our words and actions, but to our inmost thoughts and motives; for though these are secret from man, they cannot be concealed from God—the great law-giver, Rom. vii. 14; Ps. vii. 9. The law is mercifully designed by our gracious God to convince us of sin, and thus to be our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, Gal. iii. 24, and afterwards to be our rule of conduct; Ps. cix. 105. And though the Christian cannot perfectly keep this law, Eccl. 7. 20, yet it is his duty to endeavour to do so, looking to God for aid who has promised to heal his backslidings, and help his weaknesses.

Learn. I. *The holiness of God.* We see, as

it were, his image in his law, which is holy and just and good; 2 Cor. iii. 18.

2. *The impossibility of salvation by the works of the law.* The law requires perfect obedience of them that would be saved thereby. Not only are we required to abstain from all the evil it forbids, we must do all the good that it enjoins; not only must we keep it in word and deed, but in every thought; Rom. iii. 19; Gal. ii. 16.

3. *Our need of a Saviour.* Having broken the law we have become subject to its penalty, and that penalty is eternal death. But God has not left us to perish. He has laid help on one mighty to save. Jesus has performed for us this holy law to its utmost jot and tittle. He has suffered its penalty in our stead.—Lose not then a moment but embrace this Saviour now.

4. *If Christ is our Redeemer we are bound to keep his commandments.*—Bound by gratitude and love. By such ties were the Israelites bound, more than any other people to obedience to God. The Lord had delivered them from Egyptian bondage and had set before them the goodly prospect of Canaan. Jesus has delivered us from the captivity of sin and Satan, and has secured to us a title to the inheritance of the saints in light.

January 11th, 1863,

JESUS AGAIN REJECTED AT NAZARETH.

Mark. vi. 1-6.

From Capernaum Christ came unto his own Country Nazareth, ten or twelve hours journey distant. He began to teach, but his hearers did not regard its intrinsic value. They looked only at the apparent worldly rank and condition of the teacher. His is the way with worldly people; 2 Cor. x. 10.

The Jews looked for the Messiah coming with earthly power and grandeur, and could not bear to submit their necks to the yoke of the meek and lowly Jesus; 1 Cor. i. 22-23.

Christ went round the villages; v. 6. This was his third circuit in Galilee.

Obs. 1. *How prone men are to undervalue things with which they are familiar.*

The people of Nazareth were offended at our Lord. And why? Because being personally known to them all, they could not believe that he deserved to be followed as a public teacher. For thirty years the Son of God resided in this town. He went to and fro in its streets. He walked with God for thirty years before its inhabitants, living a blameless perfect life. His superiority could not have escaped their observation. But they were offended at his claiming to be a teacher sent from God. This treatment was owing to a general principle that is manifested by all men.—A prophet is without honour "in his own country, among his own kin, and in his own house." The truth of this principle is verified in the experience of every one of our Lord's followers. Familiarity breeds contempt.

Obs. 2. *How humble a rank in life our Lord assumed.*

The people of Nazareth said of Him, in con-

tempt. "Is not this the carpenter?" Our Lord was not ashamed to work with His own hands. How wonderful the thought that He who made heaven and earth and all, that therein is, should take on Him the form of a servant and "in the sweat of His face eat bread" as a working man. Our Lord's example shows us that there is no sin in poverty, especially when not brought on us by our own sins.

Obs. 3. *The great sin of unbelief.*  
Our Lord "could do no mighty work" at Nazareth by reason of the hardness of the peoples' hearts. "He also marvelled because of their unbelief." Unbelief has the power to rob men of the highest blessings. It is so unreasonable that the Son of God regards it with surprise.

Unbelief is the oldest sin in the world. It was the sin that our first parents were guilty of. It is a ruinous sin. It brought death into the world. It kept Israel for forty years out of Canaan. It is the sin that specially fills hell. It is the commonest sin in the world. Men are guilty of it on every side.

It is neither the want of evidence, nor the difficulties of Christian doctrine, that make men unbelievers. It is want of will to believe. They love sin. They are wedded to the world.

January, 18th, 1863.

#### THE GOLDEN CALF.—EXOD. XXXII. 1—29.

##### I.—THE PEOPLE SEEK A GOD.

They become impatient of delay. They longed to go forward to the land of promise, not content to wait for God's time by faith, though a table was spread for them in the wilderness, everything being provided for them, which was necessary for their comfort and instruction. How ungratefully they speak of Moses, v. 1. *We wot not what is become of him.* Thus unbelief speaks of Christ; 2 Pet. iii. 4.

##### II.—AARON MAKES THEM A GOD.

Who could have expected such conduct of Aaron? While God was designing the highest honour for him—the High Priesthood—he was bringing dishonour upon God. He that could speak so well has not a word now to speak for his Master. Perhaps he may have been influenced by the fear of man "which bringeth a snare." The Jews have a tradition that Hur (of whom there is no subsequent mention) was stoned, and that this intimidated Aaron. What good reason had the earthly high priest to sacrifice for his own sins as well as for those of the people, Lev. iv. 3. *They broke off the golden ear-rings.* The willingness of the Israelites to part with their ornaments of gold in a bad cause, rebukes the stinginess of many professing Christians in the cause of the gospel.

##### III.—THEIR SIN KNOWN IN HEAVEN.

God witnessed their idolatry, though Moses knew it not. *Moses besought the Lord his God.* Here the Spirit of Christ the great intercessor speaks through his servant. His mouth is full of holy arguments. For his glory's sake, and for his covenant's sake, he

pleads with God to turn from his fierce wrath. And Moses prevailed. *The Lord repented of the evil*—not that there is any changeableness with God, but while he foreordains the end, he also foreordains the means.

##### IV.—IDOLATRY PUNISHED.

*Moses took the Calf which they had made.*—He manifested a zeal akin to that of our Saviour, John ii. 14—17. *Moses saw that the people were naked*—dishonoured in the sight of their enemies, and justly exposed to the wrath of God. *Slay every man his brother*—our nearest and dearest relatives—everything must be sacrificed, rather than the loyalty we owe to our God and Saviour.

LEARN 1. *That man is naturally prone to idolatry.* Since the fall, God has lost his rightful place in the heart. Man has become an enemy to, and rebel against, his God; Rom. viii. 7. And though we may be apt to laugh at the folly of Israel in worshipping a molten-image—the work of their hands—instead of the only living and true God; yet if honour, pleasure, wealth, or any other object occupies Christ's place in our affections, our sin is even greater infatuation, greater wickedness than theirs; Col. iii, 5; 1 Peter iv. 3

2. *That though idolatry may appear to our darkened understandings to be a sin of little moment, yet it is a great sin in the sight of God.* His anger burns against it. The nations which are addicted to it he utterly destroys; Is. xlviii. 14.

3. *That God will not be worshipped through images.* It is not that the Israelites were so foolish as to believe that the golden calf which had just been made by Aaron was God, and had brought them out of the land of Egypt. Aaron proclaimed a feast to the Lord—to Jehovah, as it is in the original, showing that by the figure of an ox they wished to represent the Divine attributes.—In this manner it has been common, not only for Romanists, but for idolators in all ages, to attempt to justify their practice, and however reasonable it may appear to man, we cannot overlook the fact that there is no sin, against which the Almighty expressed greater abhorrence in his word. God will only be worshipped in the way which he has himself appointed.

4. *The deceitfulness of the human heart.*—The Israelites were sincere in their promise of allegiance to God and subjection to God, yet e'er forty days elapse they rise up in open rebellion.

5. *The power of prayer.* Prayer has truly been said to "move the hand that moves the world." What honour the Lord puts upon prayer in this passage! through Moses' intercession he is said to repent of his purpose, v. 14. What an encouragement to believers in all ages, to wrestle with God in prayer.

THE COWSLIPS; OR, THE CON-  
VERTED INFIDEL.

In one of the northern counties lies a beautiful valley, hidden amongst the hills by which it is surrounded. Travelling for some distance over dreary moorlands, you scarcely expect to come upon so sweet a scene.

The joys of early days spent there have long since gone away, but their memory is pleasant still. Back in the far past is the recollection of a green meadow, and a grassy seat under a spreading oak, where the ear listened to the murmuring stream, and the eye rested upon banks of yellow primroses, or cows lazily chewing their cud, or bathing their feet in the cool stream. A band of sisters were playing there, their merry laugh echoing through the meadows as they filled their baskets with the cowslips at their feet. Where are they now? Two sleep in the church-yard in the valley; the rest have long since left that pleasant home. All this may appear very insignificant; but He who rules all things often draws praise to himself from the simplest means, and so it was then.

One of these little ones delighted in these flower gatherings. She had early been taught to prize a flower as a special gift from her own loving Saviour, who so often attracted attention to their beauties, teaching his followers to "consider" them when doubting the care of their Father in heaven.

One day, not satisfied with the flowers only, she dug up some roots, and, having taken them home, was planting them, when the gardener appeared, and exclaimed, "What be you doing miss?"

"I am going to have a cowslip bank here under the trees."

"Well, miss, let me help you: my hands are fitter for the work than yours."

"Thank you," she replied; and stood quietly looking on, whilst he planted them as she directed.

She was a bright-looking child, her golden hair and fair face a perfect contrast to the dark, rough-looking man beside her. "That is very nice," she said at last: "I could not have done them so well. Don't you think them pretty? Is it not good of God to give them to us?" Then looking timidly and anxiously into his face,

she added, "George, do you love God?"

"Well, miss, I can't say much about them things: there be some as say there is no God."

"Oh," said the child, "how dreadful!" For some moments wonder and awe kept her silent: she then said, "How could these flowers be made, if there was no God?—Chance could not bring them. Do you know I have learned that all flowers are so perfectly made, that they can easily be arranged and classed. There could not be such order if there was no God. Do you read the Bible, George?"

"Well, miss, I can't say I do."

"Will you let me read it, to you sometimes?"

"I won't keep you long." And so the child began, for a few minutes at first, gradually lengthening the time as the man became more interested, and apparently more moved with the precious words.

One day he said, "If there is a God, miss, somehow I think he would be too merciful to punish us. I don't think there can be such a place as hell."

The child said, "If we don't take God's way, and believe his word now, he would not be just if he did not punish us hereafter. Do you ever think, George, how wrong it is to disbelieve what God says? 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die;' 'The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment;' 'Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.' God gave his Son from heaven to die for us, and if we believe on him, we have everlasting life. O George, our condemnation must be sure and just if we do not trust him and believe his word. I think you had better talk about these things to some one wiser than I am."

"Ah, miss, I had rather listen to you, if you would please read more of what the Bible says. The truth is, when I was a young man, I worked in the mines. An overseer there, who pretended to a great deal of knowledge, used to talk to us—He was what they call an infidel. I don't know where he is now; but most of the men who listened to him have had unhappy deaths. One, poor Hugh Taylor, who died the other day, sent me a message to take care, as he felt the fire of hell already. I thought of what you have been reading to me, and I thank you."

From this day the child spent much time

reading to this man, in the summer sitting near his work, in the winter in the greenhouse. Gradually the words sank into his heart, as those in his cottage testified from his changed life.

Soon after this his gentle little teacher was taken ill and died, giving, during a long and trying illness, much proof of the faithfulness of the Saviour she loved.—When she lay in her coffin, looking like a beautiful marble statue, a sweet smile on her face, her poor friend, the gardener, came in and besought that he might place a handful of cowslips beside her. They were gathered from the bank he had planted for her. Poor man! tears streamed down his face as he covered her with her own flowers, and said, “You don’t know what she has been to me: God help me to follow her till I see her sweet face again in heaven.”

I left home at this time. Many years after, returning and missing old George’s face in the garden, I went to his cottage, where I found him unable to move from his chair, from the effects of paralysis. He was delighted to see me; and we had a long and interesting conversation. He spoke of his thoughtless youth and wasted life, until through the child, and her cowslips, and her Bible reading, the Spirit of God spoke to his heart; and he shuddered when he found how near he had been to eternal death and ruin. His expressions of thankfulness were most intense.

I read to him: he appeared to “drink in,” if I may so express it, the words of life. At last I said, “are you not tired?”

“Ob, no! ma’am; you could not tire me. I never care to hear anything else, and I could listen to those words for ever.”

As I was leaving, he said, “Do you know if they have removed her cowslips? As long as I was able to work, I took care they should not be touched.”

I told him they were still where he and she planted them, when he said, “It does not much matter: I shall soon see her now, and be with the Saviour in heaven.”

Soon after this conversation I heard of the old man’s death. What a subject for thankfulness that he had been brought to God, and that, through much suffering and trial, he was enabled to hold on his way until he reached the heaven where he

now is! Through such simple means God often works out his own glory, that we may feel indeed that his declaration is: “Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.” And who would not rather be the simple child, through her flowers leading the old man on to heaven, than the clever infidel, whose perverted talent were made the instruments of such fearful destruction?—*Tract Magazine.*

#### BILLS INDORSED.

When one of the boys had said the pious grace, *Come, Lord Jesus be our guest and bless what Thou hast provided*, a little fellow looked up and said,—“Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes? We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes.”

“Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation.”

“I shall set him a seat, said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night’s lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched with such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all the time:—

“Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor man in His place; is that it?”

“Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor, or the sick, or the prisoner, for Jesus’ sake, we give it him. *Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*—‘Praying and Working.’

If a bell were hung high in heaven which the angels swung whenever a man was lost, how incessantly would it toll in days of prosperity for man gone down, for honour lost, for integrity lost, and for manhood lost, beyond recall! But in times of disaster the sounds would intermit, and the angels looking down would say, “He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

# SCHEME OF SABBATH LESSONS FOR 1863.

## FIRST QUARTER.

1863.	LESSON.	DOCTRINES TO BE PROVED, THAT	REPEAT.
January	4th 'The ten Commandments,—Exod. xx. 1-21.	God knows the future.	Luke x. 25-27.
"	11th Jesus again rejected at Nazareth,—Mark. vi. 1-6.	'There is no Salvation out of Christ.	Rom. i. 16-17.
"	18th 'The Golden Calf,—Exod. xxxvii. 1-29.	Idolatry is Sin.	1 John v. 20-21.
"	25th 'The twelve instructed,—Matt. x. 5-12.	All that believe in Jesus, shall be Saved.	John iii. 16-17.
February	1st 'The Intercessor,—Exod. xxxiii. 1-23.	God desires man to be Holy.	1 John ii. 1-2.
"	8th Herod's conscience Speaks,—Matt. xiv. 12.	God speaks in our hearts.	Rom. ii. 15-16.
"	15th 'The Tabernacle,—Exod. xl. 17-38.	God desires man to be happy.	Rom. i. 20.
"	22nd Five thousand fed,—Matt. xiv. 13-21.	God speaks in his Word.	Luke xi. 9-10.
March	1st Nadab and Abihu,—Lev. x. 1-20.	God speaks in his Works.	Matt. xvi. 16-17.
"	8th Jesus walks upon the water,—Matt. xiv. 22-36.	Christ will answer an earnest prayer.	Isa. xlv. 15-17.
"	15th Quails Sent,—Numb. xi. 16-23; 31-35.	Man is deceitful.	Prov. i. 22-23.
"	22nd Christ discoursed in the Synagogue,—John vi. 22-65.	God is a Spirit.	1 Thess. iii. 11-13.
"	29th Miriam and Aaron rebel,—Numb. xii. 1-16.	'The Scriptures are the word of God.	Col. iii. 1-2.

## SECOND QUARTER.

April	5th Many disciples turn back,—John vi. 66-71.	'The Scriptures contain all man's duty.	Isa. xlv. 22-24.
"	12th 'The Spies,—Numb. xiii. 17-33.	Denying Christ is sinful.	Ecc. xii. 13-14.
"	19th Pharisaic traditions,—Mark. vii. 1-23.	Jesus died for sinners.	Psalms i. 1-3.
May	3rd Canaan rejected,—Numb. xiv. 2-45.	We should be kind to one another.	Prov. viii. 17-18.
"	10th 'The Syrochenaean's daughter healed,—Mark. vii. 24-30.	Seeking after God is the first duty.	Col. iv. 8-9.
"	17th Korah Dathan and Abiram,—Numb. xvi. 23-50.	God knows His own people.	Hos. x. 1-2.
"	24th 'The Four Thousand fed,—Matt. xv. 29-38.	Sin deceives the sinner.	Rom. viii. 12.
"	31st Aaron's death,—Numb. xx. 14-29.	God's providence never ceases.	2 Thess. v. 19-23.
June	7th 'The Leaven of the Pharisees,—Matt. xvi. 4-12.	All men must die.	Isa. i. 16-18.
"	14th 'The Brazen Serpent,—Numb. xxi. 4-9.	Men are saved by faith in Christ.	Matt. xi. 28-30.
"	21st A Blind man healed,—Mark. viii. 22-26.	God requires heart service.	Psalms xx. 1-2.
"	28th Balnaam's Journey,—Numb. xxii. 15-35.	God is unchangeable.	Acts. xvi. 30-31.
"	Jesus foretells his death and resurrection, Matt. xvi. 23-28.	God hates sin.	Psalms v. 11-12.

## THIRD QUARTER.

July	5th	Balaam's blessings.—Numb. xxiii. 7-26	God loves the sinner.	2 Tim. iii. 16-17
"	12th	The transfiguration.—Matt. xvii. 1-13.	Christ is risen from the dead.	2 Thess. v. 16-18.
"	19th	Life and Death proposed.—Deut. xxx. 1-20.	Jesus is God.	Psalms xviii. 1-2.
"	26th	The healing of a Demoniac.—Matt. xvii. 14-21.	Sinners are invited to Christ.	James i. 5-6.
August	2nd	The song of Moses.—Deut. xxxii. 1-43.	We should pray to God.	Heb. xii. 1-2.
"	9th	The disciples contend who should be the greatest.—Matt. lxxviii. 1-35.	Ingratitude is sinful.	Isa. lv. 1-3.
"	16th	The Blessings of the twelve tribes.—Deut. xxxiii. 1-29.	Jesus can forgive sins.	John xiv. 23-24.
"	23rd	Some would follow Christ, but upon conditions.—Luke [ix. 51-62.	Sinners need the Saviour.	Rom. x. 8-9.
"	30th	Moses dies.—Deut. xxxiv. 1-12.	Envy is sinful.	Eccl. xi. 9-10.
Septem'r	6th	The seventy instructed and sent out.—Luke x. 1-20.	Jesus loves his people.	Heb. iv. 15-16.
"	13th	Rahab.—Josh. ii. 1-16.	God is Omnipotent.	John xiv. 1-2.
"	20th	The ten lepers cleansed.—Luke xvii. 11-19.	It is wrong to distrust God.	Psal. cxix. 17-18.
"	27th	The passage of Jordan.—Josh. iii. 1-17.	We belong to God.	Prov. iii. 5-6.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

October	4th	Jesus goes to the feast of tabernacles.—John vii. 2-10.	Jesus is Man.	Luke i. 74-75.
"	11th	Jericho taken.—Josh. vi. 12-27.	We should do good works.	Rom. viii. 38-39.
"	18th	The woman taken in adultery.—John viii. 2-11.	Anger is sinful.	Heb. ii. 2-3.
"	25th	Achan's Sin.—Josh. vii. 1-26.	We should repent.	John xv. 14-16.
November	1st	Jesus preacheth that he is the Christ.—John viii. 12-33.	We should resist temptation.	Ps. cxix. 159-160.
"	8th	Gibeon.—Josh. ix. 3-21.	God will punish the wicked.	John xvii. 2-3.
"	15th	Love to our neighbour defined.—Luke x. 25-37.	God always keeps his promises.	Rom. iii. 24-25.
"	22nd	Joshua's exhortation to Israel.—Josh. xxiii. 1-16	God will succour his people.	1 Cor. ii. 16-17.
"	29th	Jesus in the house of Martha and Mary.—Luke x. 38-42.	We should be self-denying.	Rev. iii. 20-21.
December	6th	Israel's promise.—Josh. xxiv. 14-25.	God's favour is better than wealth.	2 Cor. x. 17-18.
"	13th	The disciples taught how to pray.—Luke xi. 1-13.	God sees all things.	1 John ii. 15-16.
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